



Scary Stories... for fun...

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Chapter 1 by Tailors <3

Written by Konni

A young boy is sleeping in his bed on a usual night. He hears footsteps outside his door, and peeks out of his eyes to see what is happening. His door swings open quietly to reveal a murderer carrying the corpses of his parents. After silently propping them up on a chair, he writes something on the wall in the blood of the dead bodies. He then hides under the child's bed.

The child is scared beyond belief. He can't read the writing on the wall and he knows the man is under his bed. Like any child, he pretends that he slept through the whole thing and hasn't awoken yet. He lays still as the bodies, quietly hearing the breathes from under his bed.

An hour passes, and his eyes are adjusting more and more to the darkness. He tries to make out the words, but it's a struggle. He gasps when he finally makes out the sentence.

"I know you're awake". He feels something shift underneath his bed.

Chapter 2 by The Coffee Freak



Story by **Scoop Loop**

Everyone loves the first day of school, right? New year, new classes, new friends. It's a day full of potential and hope, before all the dreary depressions of reality show up to ruin all the fun. I like the first day of school for a different reason, though. You see, I have a sort of power. When I look

at people, I can sense a sort of aura around them. A colored outline based on how long that person has to live. Most everyone is surrounded by a solid green hue, which means they have plenty of time left. Some people have a yellow or orangish tinge to their auras, which tends to mean they're going to die soon. Anything that takes people "before their time" as they say. The real fun is when the auras venture into the red end of the

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spectrum, though. Every now and again I'll see someone who's basically a walking stoplight. Those are the ones who get murdered or kill themselves. It's such a rush to see them and know their time is numbered. With that in mind, I always get to class very early so I can scout out my classmates' fates. The first kid who walked in was basically radiating red. I chuckled to myself. Too damn bad, bro. But as people kept walking in, they all had the same intense glow. I finally caught a glimpse of my rose-tinted reflection in the window, but I was too stunned to move. Our professor stepped in and locked the door, his aura a sickening shade of green.

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